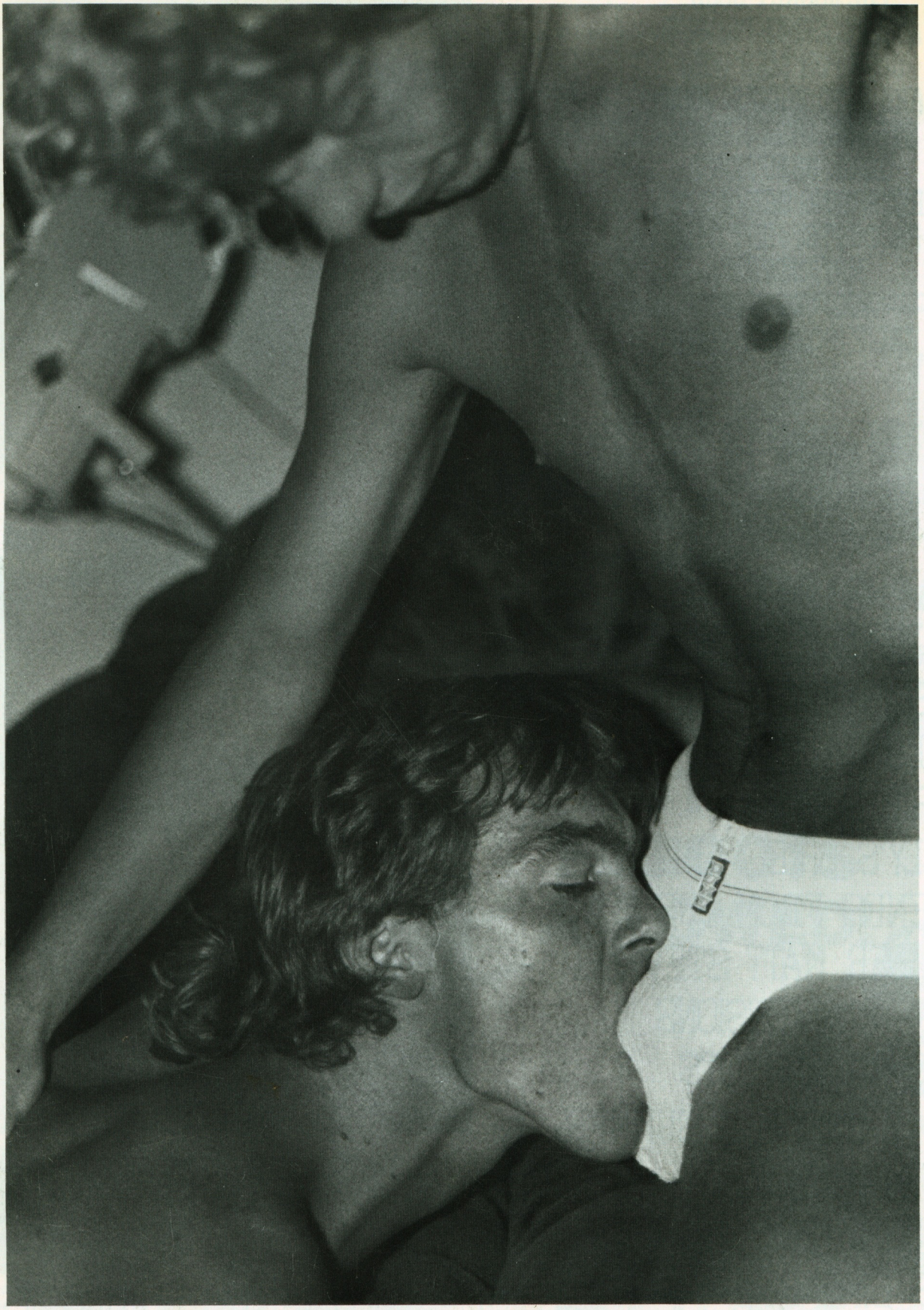
THE JOCKEY CLUB



VOL 1, NO 8

THE JOCKEY CLUB
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VOL. 1, NO. 8
AUGUST, 1986

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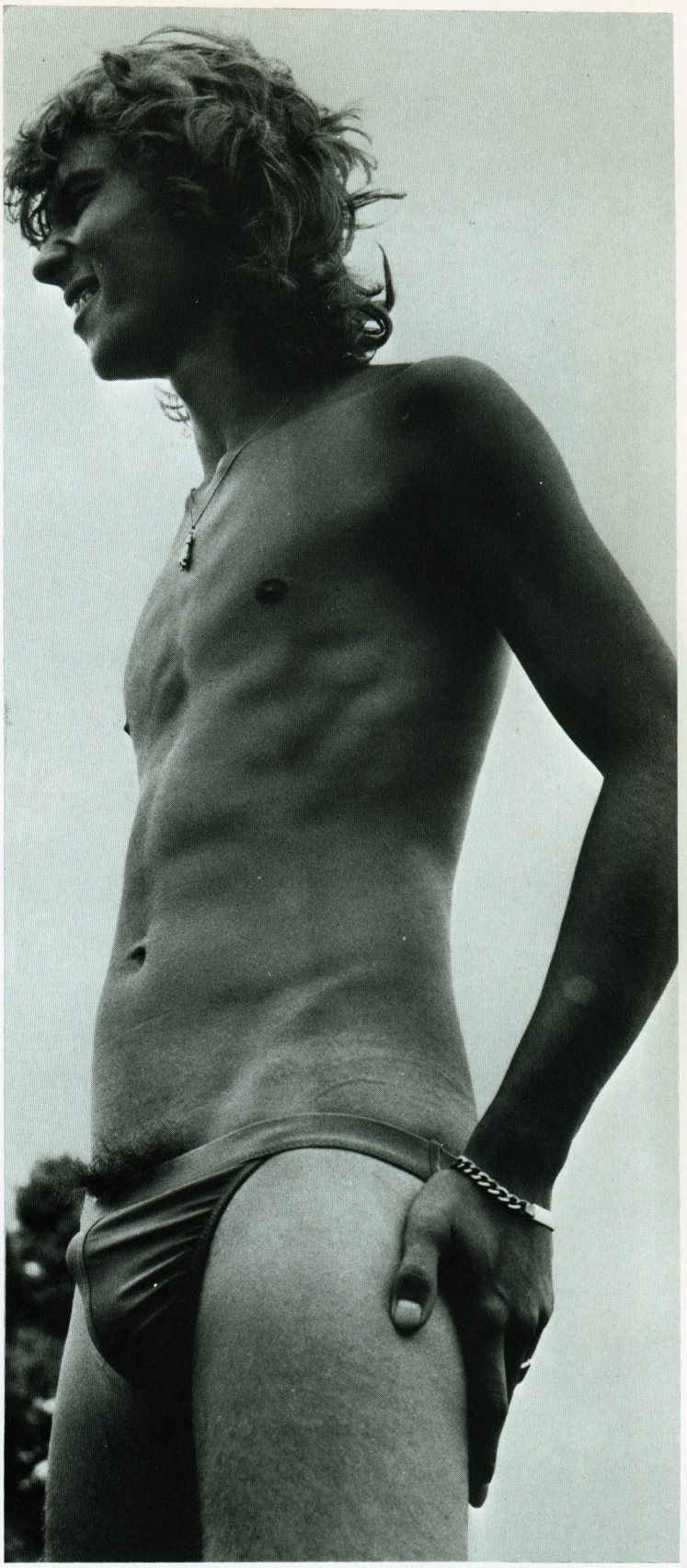

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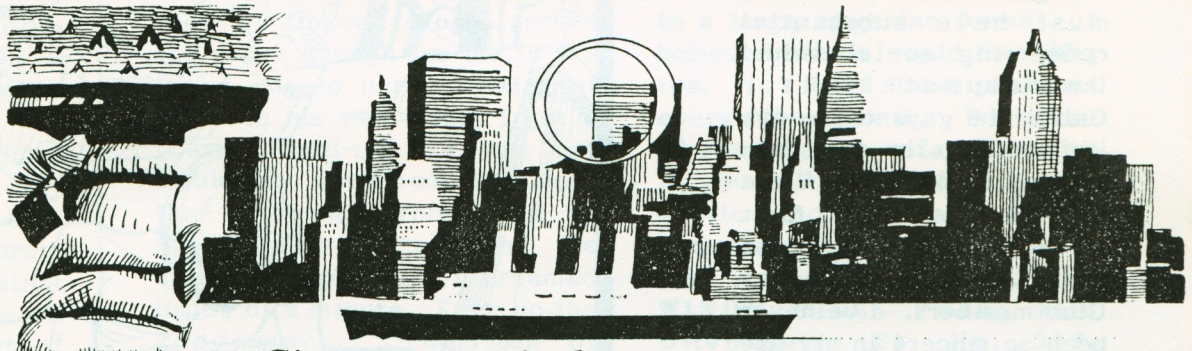
THE JOCKEY CLUB MAGAZINE

DAVID WHITE -PUBLISHER

BILL JORGENSEN -EDITOR

VINCENT CARR -ASSOCIATE EDITOR

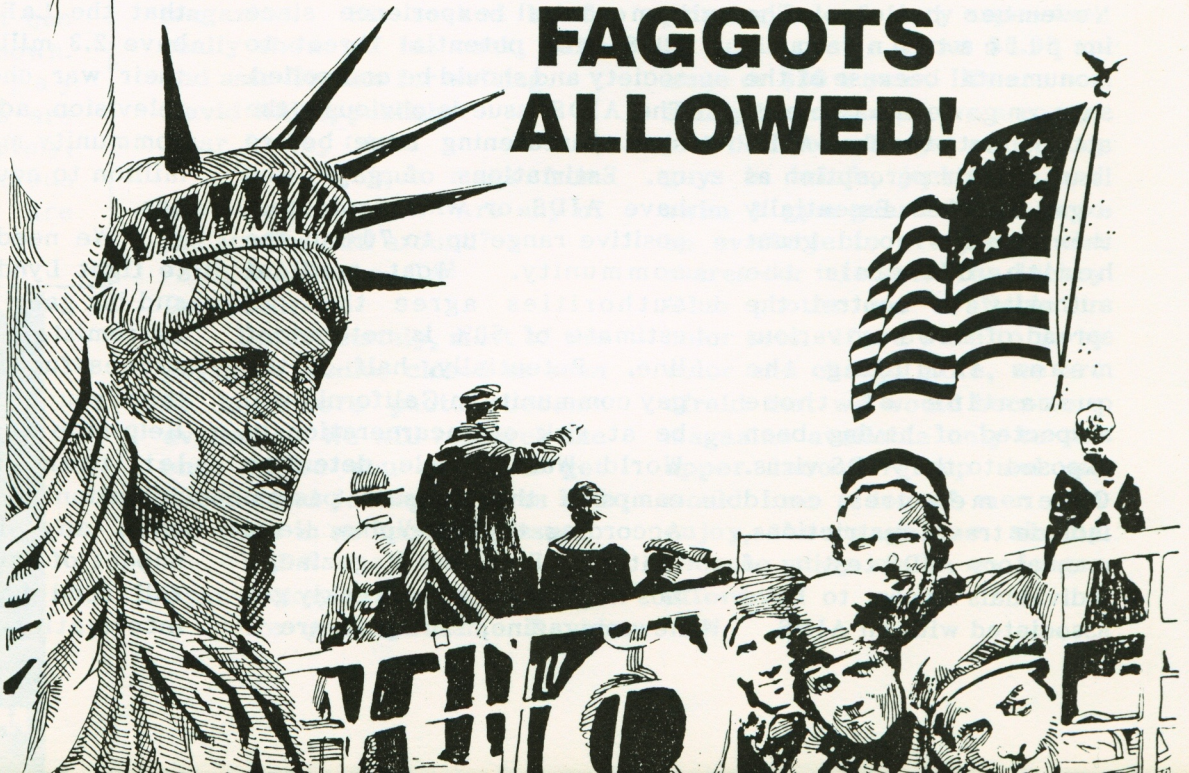
MANCO -ART DIRECTION



Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shores, sent these ... the homeless, tempest-tossed to me; I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

—Emma Lazarus

BUT NO FAGGOTS ALLOWED!



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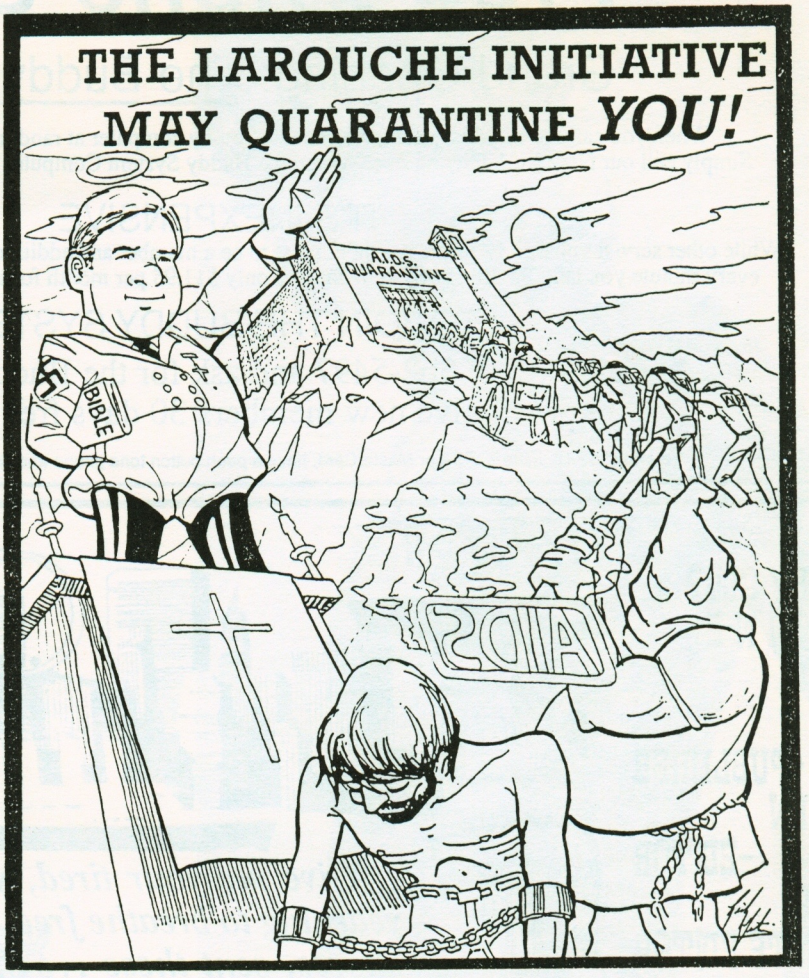
PUBLISHER'S CORNER
DAVID WHITE



Hell is bustin' out all over! The recent Supreme Court decisions on the constitutionality of the Georgia and Texas sodomy laws, the Meese Commission report on pornography, The Attorney General's ruling on discrimination against suspected AIDS victims in the work place, California's ruling that adult material must have **substantial** redeeming social value! Unfortunately, for California gays these are just a drop in the gay-bashing bucket. Now we face the most crucial fight we've ever had and, we need the help of Jockey Club members. I've never been so sincere in my life as I am in asking you for help.

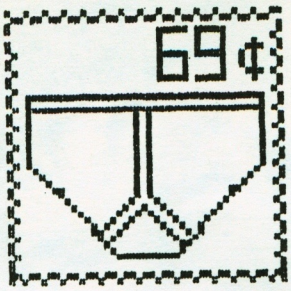
An initiative threatening basic civil liberties and civil rights of those persons suspected of carrying the AIDS virus or having exposure to the HTLV-III virus has qualified for the California November ballot. The implications are monumental because of the strong emotional attachment to the AIDS issue and its perception as a **gay disease.** Essentially the measure would grant health officials the authority to **control** the spread of AIDS by various means including the quarantine of those **suspected** of having been exposed to the AIDS virus. Other measures could include travel restrictions, mandatory AIDS testing of individuals known to have associated with an AIDS victim and, in some cases, possible incarceration of some AIDS victims suspected of spreading the disease. The LaRouche concept is that everyone who has had a homosexual experience since 1978 is a potential threat to society and should be **controlled.** The AIDS issue is obviously the most threatening issue before us. Estimations of gays who have AIDS or who would test positive range up to 70% of the community. Most medical authorities agree that an estimate of 50% is not out of line. Potentially, half of the gay community in California will be at risk of incarceration in World War II-style **detention camps** if the measure passes. According to Dan Volks, News Editor of Frontiers Magazine, a Los Angeles based bi-weekly gay newsmagazine, **"The polls are running 10 to 1 IN FAVOR of the LaRouche Initiative."** Speaking before the Valley Business Alliance meeting on July 14, Volks told attendees that the LaRouche people have 2.3 million dollars in their war chest for scary television ads. The gay community must gather $5 million to counteract their ads.

We need your dollars to fight Lyndon LaRouche and his gang of right-wing extremist. If they are successful in California then you are all at risk! Help stop this now. Don't let them take us to detention centers. If you have any doubt of the impact of this initiative, I will send you all of the information The Jockey

EDITORIAL (CON'T)

Club has regarding this. I will keep you posted about this on-going threat through the election.

So, please, please help your fellow California Jockey Club members and all of the California gays. Please send us a tax deductible contribution for this effort! Make your check payable to: NO ON LAROUCHE and send it in care of the Jockey Club. We are scared. We have never been so threatened. So many of you who live outside of California believe that we live a very free and laid-back lifestyle. The truth is that California is more active against pornography and is more homophobic than most of the other states. Did you know that the gay videos we rent in California are **edited** versions of the same tape you buy and rent in the other states. Case in point: Falcon's **SPRING TRAINING** has 12 minutes edited from the California version because our laws are so strict on what can and can not be shown. Many of the gay production companies are closing down completely, such as world famous **NOVA**, and others are leaving California.



MALE MAIL

Dear Jockey Club:

Your June issue was the best yet! The shower pictures of Peter King were wonderful! I picked-up my copy at my post office box and sneaked a peak into the envelope while riding the subway home. I kept the magazine in the envelope and used my fingers to open spread the pages enough for me to see it. I got so horny looking at Peter in his wet briefs I got a roaring hard-on. I was not inside my apartment for more than a second before I had my hand in my jockeys and the magazine opened. I creamed inside of a minute. Keep up the good work. The Men of Germany pages are also stuck together. Please send me another June issue.

-Tom, New York City

Dear Tom:

Peter thanks you and so do we. We will be shooting a lot more of our own pictures. Peter's color set is ten times better than the b/w set in the magazine. His soaked briefs really show off his cock, balls and ass. Thanks for writing.

David White, publisher

Dear Jockey Club:

The physique mags from the 50's are great. Are any of the studios still around?

-Bill, San Mateo, CA

Dear Bill:

Unfortunately, most of the physique studios closed as soon as hard-core photos became available. We will research the ones where you can still get Speedo and Jockey pictures and list them in an upcoming issue.

-DW

Dear Jockey Club:

Are you the same David White who used to write for BRIEF NOTES?

Dennis, Elizabeth, NJ

Dear Dennis:

Yes, I wrote for Brief Notes for about 1 1/2 years. I started Jockey Club Magazine because I wanted a monthly mag about jocks, briefs and swimgear in a large magazine format. I believed others would like this, too. Brief Notes publishes every-other month. For those of you who are unfamiliar with it, you will find that it is very erotic and carries a lot of personal ads and stories. Write to:

WINDY HILLS PUBS., 2115 Devonshire St. No. 318, Chatsworth, California 91311.

Dear Jockey Club:

When are you going to publish in color? Some of your color photo sets I have purchased are incredible!

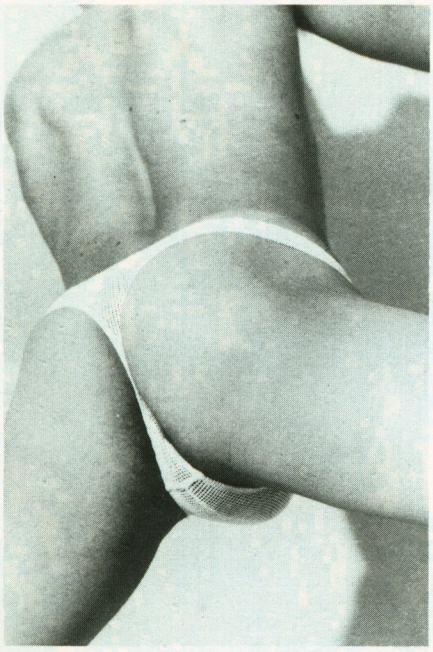
Todd, Lincoln, Neb.

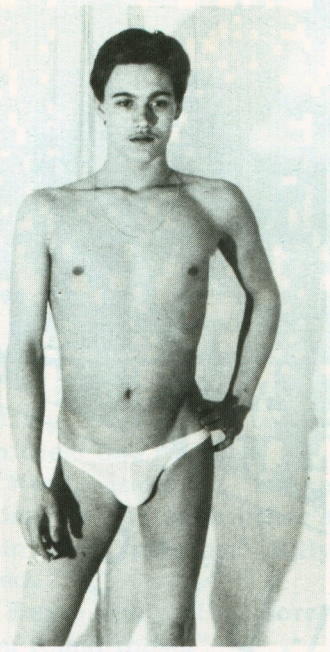
Dear Todd:

Color is going to be a long time coming. The cost of printing color is very expensive. It would cost a about $8.00 an issue or $80 a year. We are not stuffy businessmen, we are guys just like you who get off seeing guys in briefs, jockstraps and swim & gym gear. We want to be available to every guy who shares our interest. The Jockey Club photos are available in color sets. If we were to go to color and charge more, we are afraid that we would become a magazine available only to the upper income group and we would lose a lot of men who enjoy the magazine simply because they could no longer afford it.

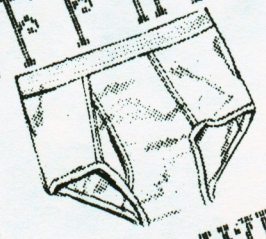
-DW

TECHNOLOGY





BILLY'S BRIEF AFFAIR



DAVID WHITE

Billy withdrew his extended thumb when a car finally stopped. He'd been hitchhiking for three hours and had only put 52 miles behind him. A white Volvo pulled to a stop a hundred feet in front of him. He ran to the car and opened the front door. The driver was about twenty five years old with short cropped black wavy hair.

"Come on, get in kid," the driver said smiling at Billy. "Where you headed?"

As the car pulled back on the road and headed for the interstate highway, Billy told him that he was going to Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Billy was young, handsome and his blond hair and green eyes picked up the sunlight coming through the windshield.

The driver, Dave, introduced himself. Dave was in the air force stationed at Pease Air Force Base. Billy was going up to Pease to visit his older brother.

Dave was friendly, telling Billy about his mechanic duties and that he hoped to get a job at Boston's Logan Airport when he is discharged, next month.

Billy told Dave that he was going to join the Air Force as soon as he graduated from high school next Spring.

"Hand me a pack of cigarettes from the glove compartment, will you, billy?"

Billy opened the small compartment and reached in. as he pulled a pack out some papers and books fell out onto the floor. Billy scrambled to pick them up. He froze as he picked up some photos that had fallen from their packet holder. The pictures were of men and boys. Naked men and boys showing off their hard cocks and asses to the camera.

"Oh! Shit!" Exclaimed Dave, "I didn't want you to see those."

Billy continued to go through them one by one.

"Wow, look at these guys, they've got each other's cocks in their mouths," Billy muttered.

"Hey, kid. I'm sorry that you found those."

"This is you in this picture, isn't it?" Billy asked as he looked at one with Dave and another dark haired young man sitting beside each other on a couch. They were naked and their hard cocks were pointed at each other. Just the tips of their pricks were touching. The next photo showed dave sitting on the other boy's chest rubbing his hard cock over the boy's face. The next photo showed Dave squirting off a load of cum, covering the pinned boy's cheeks and nose. The boy's mouth was open trying to catch each spurt of white fuck juice.

Dave looked over at Billy. The kid was mesmerized looking at the pictures. Dave glanced at Billy's crotch and saw his tight denim cut- offs were bulging with the youth's hard-on.

"What do you think of those, Billy?"

"I like 'em. Never seen anything like this. Do you do this all the time?"

"Not all the time but every chance I get. Does it look like fun to you?" Dave asked.

"Yea! My brother and me...well, we jack each other off but nothing like this. I bet it feels real good when you do this." Billy said showing Dave a photo of a couple of Dave's Air Force Buddies in a 69 shot.

"Sure does, you ought to try it, Billy, you might like it."

Billy looked into Dave's eyes, Dave looked at Billy and then back to the road.

"Looks like you gotta hard on in your shorts just lookin' at the pictures, Billy."

"I can't help it. i've never seen pictures like this."

"Why don't you take that cock of yours out and give it room to breathe?"

Billy looked at Dave's crotch. The tightlevi's clearly displayed a huge bulge. Dave caught Billy looking at his crotch so he hunched up a bit so Billy could get a better view.

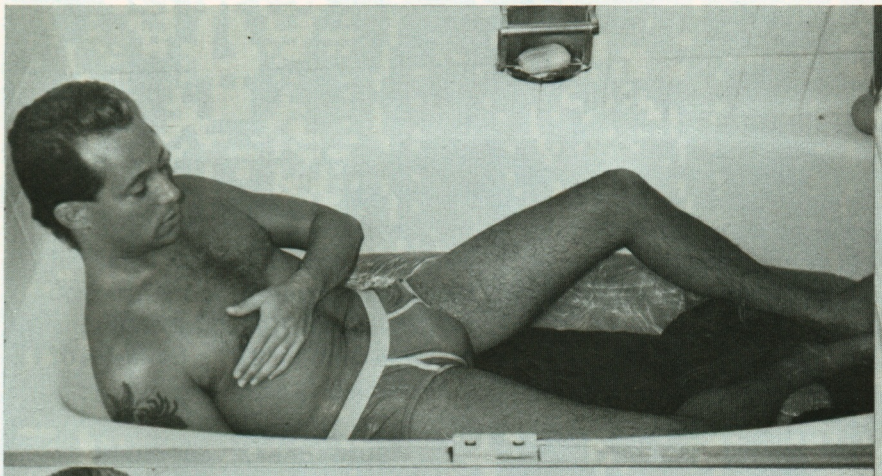
"Come on, Billy. Take your cock out. I'll take mine out too."

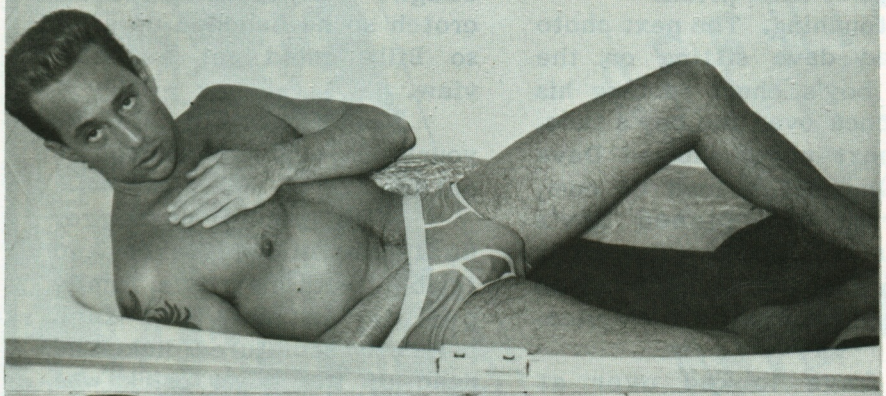
The young passenger unzipped his cut-offs and fumbled with his briefs, finally pulling out his six inch perfectly sculptured dick. The head of the boy's prick was gooey from the pre-cum juice he was leaking. Dave looked at the ready cockhead and licked his lips. Then Dave unzipped his pants and released his hard rod. it smacked loudly against the steering wheel. Dave too was hot and his piss slit was wet in anticipation of stealing Billy's virginity.

"You got a big cock, Dave," Billy said in awe. "Can I touch it?"

"Sure kid, but turnabout is fair play."

BILLY CONT ON PAGE 10





SCENES FROM PETER KING'S NEW JOCKEY CLUB VIDEO "TUB TOYS." HE SOAKS HIS NEW LEVIS, PLAYS IN HIS BRIEFS AND JOCK!!!

BILLY CONT FROM PAGE 8

Billy scooted over and wrapped his left hand around the bigboy prick that Dave was showing him. Likewise, Dave reached over and began to gently jack Billy's wet prick.

"Can we do the things you were doing with the guys in those pictures? Can we?" Billy's voice was filled with anxiety.

"Sure, in fact kid, I know a place where we can go. I have a buddy who lives in Salisbury. We'll stop at his place."

They continued to touch and feel each other till they reached Dave's buddy's house.

They were greeted at the door by Richard, Dave's friend. After chatting for a few minutes, Dave told Rich that he'd like to take Billy down to the bedroom on the lower level.

Once Billy and Dave were alone in the master bedroom, Dave roughly grabbed Billy and began kissing and stripping him. Billy worked Dave's shirt off and opened his belt. once they were down to their underwear they laid down on the bed. Dave laid Billy on his back and crawled on top of him, grinding his nylon bikini-covered cock against the pre-cum soaked white cotton briefs Billy wore. They both leaked so much jizz that they formed one big gob between them.

"I want you to do to me what you did to the guy in the pictures." Billy cried.

"Which thing, Billy?"

"You know, where you cum off on his face...I want you to do that to me."

Dave looked Billy's smiling face then kissed the boy on mouth. It took a minute for his tongue to convince Billy to part his lips and take another man's tongue deep into his mouth. He began running his hands all over the boy's smooth hairless body. It contrasted sharply against Dave's hairy chest. Dave's fingers found the bulge of teen prick through Billy's tight white Hanes briefs. He felt the outline of his cock and somehow found it even more exciting to feel the boycock through the cotton than naked. So, he pulled away .from Billy's face and positioned himself over Billy in a sixty-nine position. He lowered his nylon covered dick against the boy's face and gently rubbed it all over the boy's face. Billy began licking at the cock through the nylon soaking the sheer material with his spit and making Dave's cock leak out more pre-fuck lube. Once they were both comfortable in this position Dave began lick at crotch of Billy's briefs. He began licking and sucking at the kid's balls. through cotton. His nostrils filled with the aroma of young thighs and boy sweat. He tongued up and down the elastic legholes of the briefs and tried to force his tongue under them. He let his tongue follow the every seam in the front of the tight white briefs. Opening his mouth, he ran his lips and tongue over the teen cock-meat so proudly jutting straight up in the shorts. The cockhead reached just to the bottom of the elastic waistband forcing it away from the boy's hard stomach. Dave let his spit soak into the briefs wetting the entire cotton covered cock shaft then the boy's balls were drenched. He licked up to the cockhead while his hand wrapped around Billy's hard dick. He began slowly stroking the hard teen cock through the cloth.

Dave skinned down Billy's briefs and his own underpants. They rolled around on the bed making a sticky mess between their stomachs. Dave slid down Billy's body licking up the goo on his way. when he got to Billy's crotch, he gently ran his fingertips over the boy's cock, balls and down to the crack of his ass. he squeezed the boy-cock forcing more pre-fuck fluid ut of it and lapped it up. Billy was shaking in excitement as he began to receive his first suck. When Dave felt the boy was too hot to last much longer, he climbed up on his chest and ran his cock all over Billy's face, leave trails of clear sticky pre fuck juices.

"Open your mouth Billy. You're gonna suck me a while."

Billy willingly took the rod into his mouth and savored the flavor of a hot man-cock. He forced his tongue into the piss hole and sucked out Dave's juices. Dave couldn't take anymore without cumming off. he pulled his rock hard prick from the boy's face and began to jack his cock in the smiling face of the kid.

"You want my cum, don't you Billy? you really want to swallow it and taste it and feel it all over your cute fucked face...yea! I can see it in your eyes, you really want my jizz. okay, boy here it comes..." Pow! Splash! Smack!

Load after load of prick jizz shot into Billy's open mouth. The youth's tongue was stuck out trying to gather all of the man fuck jism he could gather. The white hot cum that missed his mouth hit and dribbled down his nose,

chin and cheeks. Dave kept shooting volleys and volleys of ball juice onto the boy's face and into his eager mouth.

"I'm gonna cum too!" Billy screamed. Dave quickly moved around so he could fuck his last gobs of cum into billy's mouth while he took the boy's tool into his own mouth to suck out the kid nectar.

Billy began at once to squirt his load of boy jizz into the waiting mouth of the handsome Airman. Billy's cock fit comfortably into Dave's mouth. Billy's whole body rocked and jutted up and down as he exploded into Dave's warm, wet cum gobbling mouth. Billy had never cum so hard and so good in his life. He loved the taste of Dave's cock and cum in his own mouth, and the feeling that poured between the two of them made Billy cum all the harder. it was a warm feeling. a mutual trust.

Finally, they rolled apart, exhausted. Dave turned around on the bed and laid beside of Billy. Looking at each other, Dave kissed Billy. Not a kiss like Billy had known but, a full wet mouth kissed that allowed their tongues to mix their white hot jism.

Suddenly, they were both startled to hear hands clapping in approval of their performance. It was Richard. He had been standing at the door watching the wanton sex performance by the handsome Air Force man and the young kid. Richard was sporting a full drippy hardon covered by a pair of Jockey Classic briefs.

Billy and Dave looked at each other and then all three laughed. Richard joined them on the bed beside Billy. He began running his hands all over Billy and Dave.

Dave said to Billy, "We ought to give Richard some attention since he let us use his house, what do you think?"

"Sure, anything.."

"I kinda like that cute ass of yours Billy, turn over and let me lick at it a little."

Billy seemed a bit surprised but turned over to display his ass to Richard. As if showing off a piece of art, Dave leaned over and ran his hands all over the tender, firm, young buns. With a hand on each cheek, he pulled the globes apart to show Richard the pink little asshole. Richard wet his tongue and began to lick from the top of the crack down to the pucker hole. Then he licked from the boy's balls and back up to the target area. All the time he was jacking his Jockey-covered hard prick.

Billy had never felt anything like the sensation his ass was receiving. He felt his dick hardening again as Richard's tongue pushed against his tight little asshole and entered his butt.

"Yeeeoooow!!" Billy yelped!

Dave whispered to Billy, "You like that don't you boy? Yea, you like that a lot." Dave reached under Billy and felt his hard dick. The excitement of watching his buddy rim the young blond made his cock straighten to life again.

Richard loved to rim. He loved ass sucking. When his tongue tired, he moistened a finger and began to gently finger fuck Billy. Billy tossed about on the bed. As he did, his prick fucked in and out of Dave's hand underneath of him.

Dave spoke softly to him again, "Rich wants to fuck your cute ass Billy. It will hurt a little at first, but, once it is in you'll like it. I promise. I'll suck on you while he fucks you if you want.

"I'm so hot Dave you guys can do whatever you want to me, just make me cum real hard like you did a while ago."

Dave leaned over to Rich and grabbed his cotton covered cock and pointed the huge bulge toward Billy and said, "If Rick is gonna to be good to you by sticking this big thing up your cute little butt, the least you could do to show your appreciation would be to help him get these jockies down and then use your mouth to get it good and slick."

Billy turned around on the bed and while Dave still had Billy's hard cock in his hand, Billy pushed his own face into the front of RIck's briefs.

"That's it boy! Pull my shorts off with your teeth," Rick demanded.

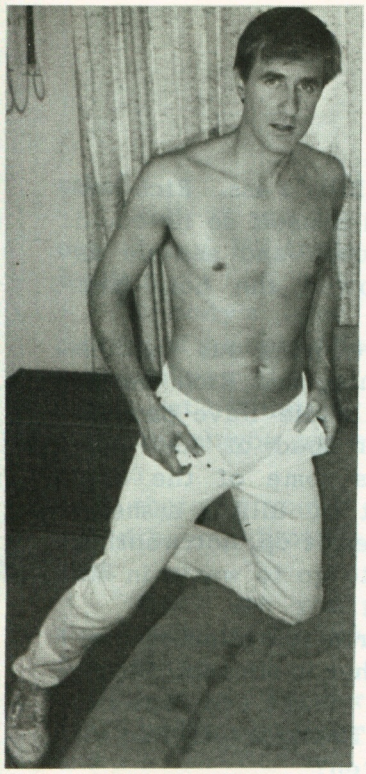
Billy did exactly as he was told. He grasped the elastic band between his teeth. He grabbed it directly under Rick's belly-button. Billy felt the big head of Rick's cock pushing against his chin as he pulled out and down on the waistband.

Rick's solid dick sprung from the briefs and splat a gob of pre-cum juice into Billy's hair. Rick reached down and shoved his briefs the rest of the way down.

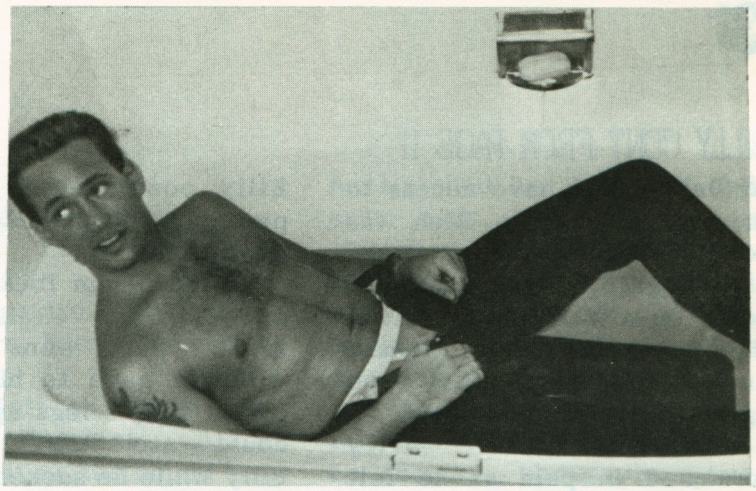
"Wow! Your dick is huge!" Billy exclaimed.

"And I'm gonna shove every inch of this fucker up your little pink fuck hole, boy." Rick said as he crawled beside the boy laying him on his side

BILLY CONT ON PAGE 13



Blond and sexy Gene Kirkwood comes in from a day of skateboarding. In the privacy of his bedroom, he spys you and talks to you a bit before he strips off his skin tight white Levis and takes you on a tour of his briefs. The camera explores every opening of his tightest pair of briefs. The leg opens, the waistband, the fine covered butt, the huge bulge in the brief pouch. Gene gets so hot that his briefs are soon jizz soaked.
Video#V3.....-$19.95
Member's price.....$14.95
Plus $3.00 postage/handling



Underwear designer Peter King's new jeans are just not tight enough. So, Peter fills his bath tub with hot water and sits in his tub wearing his new jeans. The feeling of the tight denim makes Peter hot. The pants become tighter and tighter in the crotch. Slowly, Peter skins his tight jeans down leaving him sitting in the tub in his skin tight, full cut, light blue BVD briefs. Peter begins massaging his cock and balls through the thin wet material. When Peter just can't take the excitement any longer, he reaches for his box of toys. Big boy toys. First Peter uses an Oro-simulator to get himself REALLY hard. Within a few minutes, Peter has every dildo and cock sucking device he owns, in the tub with him. He uses dildo after dildo. Still unsatisfied, Peter gets out of the tub, goes into his bedroom and slips on a skin tight **jockstrap** and fucks himself with his largest dildo till his creamy rich cum burst out of his big boy prick and shots all over himself!
Video #V6...$19.95
Member's...$14.95
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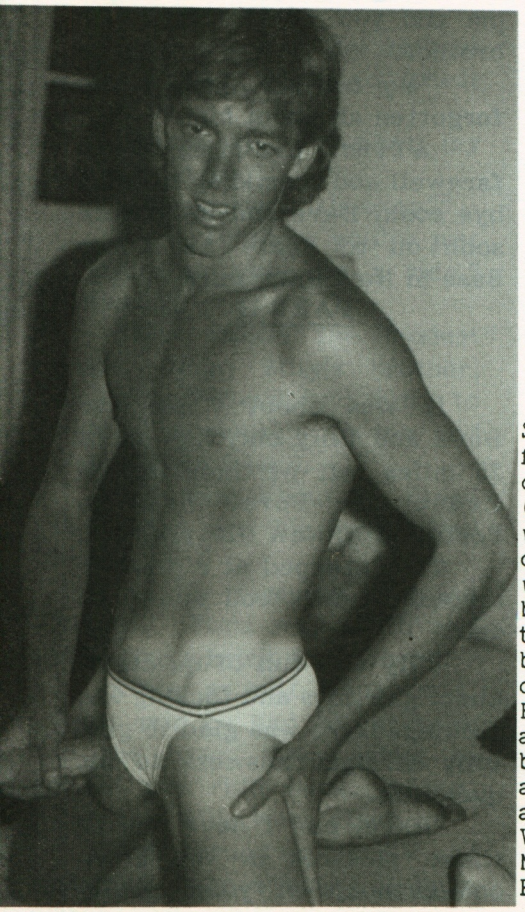
JOCKEY CLUB'S EXCLUSIVE VIDEOS



Steve! Now here is everybody's fantasy man. Steve has a personal computer. He logs onto the Jockey Club BBS and gets very turned-on while chatting with one of the system operators. He strips from his tight white pants and plays in his snug briefs. The system operator tells him to change into another pair of briefs...then jockstraps and several different sexy shorts and briefs. Finally, Steve can't control himself and dumps his entire drawer of briefs, bikinis and jocks onto the bed and squirts load after load of juice all over his gear!
Video #V3 $19.95
Members 14.95
Plus $3.00 ship/hand

BILLY CONT FROM PAGE 11

so Dave could have access to the kidcock. Once Rich was positioned, he winked at Dave. once again, Dave took the boy's dick into his mouth at the same time that Richard pushed his man sized rod against Billy's fuck hole.

"OOhhhhh!!!!" Billy screamed in pain as he felt Rich's cock
entering his ass....

Dave held Billy's hips firmly in his hands and his teen prick solidly in his mouth as Richard pushed his nine and a half inches of cock meat deeper and deeper into Billy's cute bubble butt. Billy whooped and yelled in pain as he received his first prick up his ass.

"Stop! Stop! Stop a minute..." Billy yelled.

"Okay kid, I'll stop for a minute and let you get used to it. but, I've only got a few inches in you and you've got six and a half more to take." Richard said.

After a moment Billy relaxed and Rich inched more manmeat into him. Dave felt Billy's cock suddenly flex in his mouth, knowing that Rich had finally hit Billy's joy spot deep in his guts.

"Oh! My Gawd!!!!" Billy screamed as he felt the huge cock hit his sensitive prostate. A complete rapture came over Billy, making it easy for Rich to fuck the whole length of his cock into Billy. Billy's body trembled in excitement as he found himself between two hot and hard men. One sucking his teenage dick and the other fucking deep into him. Rich began giving the boy a good fuck. In and out. In and out. Faster and faster.
Each time the prickhead touched the boy's prostate, Billy oozed more and more pre-cum jism into Dave's mouth.

Rich began fucking faster and harder. Relishing the fresh young buns the boy willingly gave to him. Dave pulled Billy's legs apart so he could watch Rich's cock fuck Billy while he sucked the k)d's prick.

"I'm gonna cum! hold on tight Billy" Rich yelled. Billy felt
Rich give one last hard shove and then Rich spilled his load into
Billy. That brought Billy over the edge too. And as his guts were being filled with Rich's fuck cream, Billy shot another load into Dave's jizz hungry mouth.

"ahhhhh! Gawd! Gawd! Ohhhh!" Billy yelled at the top of his voice as he was having the cum fucked out and him and sucked out of him at the same time. the boy shook so violently that his cock popped out of Dave's mouth and he spewed his kid-cum all over Dave's face and the bed sheets he was being fucked on. Rich held the boy tightly then fell into a complete relaxation.

Dave cried out, "Quick, Rich, let me get in there now."

He traded places with Rich and soon had his own cock buried
into Billy's hot teen ass. Richard had moved around to lick up the cum that was on the sheets and then licked Billy's jizz off of Dave's face. Moving on down to Billy's cock, he gave the boy's dick a thorough cleaning.

As Dave pumped his Air Force meat in and out of Billy's fuck hole he felt Rich's tongue moving between his cock and Billy's ass. Rich had positioned himself so he could lick the cock and asshole as Dave plowed the hot, firm buns.

Dave cried out that he was cumming and Rich moved in tighter while Dave pumped load after load of jizz into Billy. As some of the cum oozed out of Billy's asshole, Rich lapped it up, not wanting any cum to go to waste in his house.

After a few minutes they laid together in silence. Billy was the first to speak, "Thanks...Thanks a lot. Can we do this often?"

Dave cuddled Billy into his arms and answered, "Sure, Billy.
There's a lot more things we can do too. But, right now, we'd better get back on the road. I got to be on base by 9 pm and you want to see your brother.

"My brother...yea...I had forgotten all about him."

After bidding Rich farewell and promising to come bye soon, Dave and Billy were soon on to Pease Air Force Base in New Hampshire.

PART II

It was about 7 pm and Dave and Billy only had about 25 miles left of their trip to Pease Air Force Base in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

They stopped at a drive-in restaurant for food and more talk.

Billy was full of questions about gay guys and fucking and sucking. Dave was glad to give Billy straight answers to his questions.

"Dave, can I have one of those pictures in the glove compartment of you?" Billy

asked.

"Well, if you let me take one of you, I'll trade you," he replied.

"Nobody's ever taken a picture of me naked before, but you can."

"I get off duty at 9 in the morning, maybe we can meet and go somewhere if you're not tied up with your brother." Dave said.

"Where are you going to stay while you're up there?" Dave asked.

"Dean, my brother, said he has a buddy who lives off base and that I can stay at his house for a few days." Taking a piece of paper from his wallet he showed Dave the address. Dave had him copy it onto another piece of paper for him.

They drove to the address after they finished their dinner.

"Come in and meet my brother, Dave."

"Are you sure it's okay?"

"Sure, to them you're just a guy who gave me a ride." Billy said.

Once inside the modest home, Dean, Billy's brother, introduced Dave and Billy to Ford, the house's owner and Dean's best friend.

Dean was about 22, blond like Billy, and his body filled his Air Force fatigues like an Adonis. Ford was Latin and built like a brick shit house!!!

After a half hour chat, Dave said he had to get back to the base. Dean asked to share the ride back. Soon, Ford and Billy were alone.

Ford turned on the TV and offered Billy a beer. "I hope you don't mind sleeping on the couch. it's pretty comfortable."

"I appreciate your letting me stay here, Ford. The couch is fine."

"Ford left the room and went to shower. Billy stretched out on the couch and watched an episode of "Miami Vice."

Ford returned about twenty minutes later wearing only a pair of tight, white, nylon hip-briefs. As he entered the room he couldn't help noticing Billy's glance at his underpants.

He smiled and sat down beside of Billy. "If you want to shower and get comfortable, go ahead."

Billy took fresh briefs from his bag and went to the shower off of Ford's bedroom. All the time he showered he couldn't stop thinking of Ford and his sexy underpants. After toweling off he pulled on his smallest tightest pair of white cotton briefs and returned to the living room.

He sat next to Ford who had got them two fresh beers.

"How would you like to see a new skin flick, Billy?"

"Sure, I'd like that a lot, Ford."

Ford put a copy of a straight porn film titled "China And Silk" on the video cassette recorder.

As they watched the film, Billy felt his cock hardening in his briefs as he concentrated on watching the men in the film.

Ford made comments about the women throughout the first few segments. A scene came on the screen with Miss Silk swimming with a bikini clad hunk. He sat poolside and as he watched her strip off and swim nude, the actor's cock stretched his speedos to the splitting point. This caused Billy's cock to rise to full hardness under the thin cotton covering his teen cock.

"Looks like you really like this scene, Billy. You're about to burst through your shorts...like me." Ford said, leaning back and giving Billy a full view of his jam packed, super thin, nylon bikini briefs and the full hard prick fighting it's way out of it's nylon prison. "Maybe we better jack these off before we rip our underpants."

Billy studied Ford's bulge and said, "I'd rather suck you off."

Ford looked startled hearing Billy express himself so openly.

"What?" He asked.

"I'd rather suck you off. You know, put your dick in my mouth and suck the white stuff out."

"Yes, I know what you mean. I'd like that too, Billy. I'd like it a lot."

Billy leaned over and grabbed Ford's prick through the nylon. Like he'd learned from Dave, he ran his finger tips over the nylon gently. from Ford's balls to his prickhead. As he squeezed the cock gently, Ford gushed a bit of precum that plastered the white nylon over his cockhead and making his piss slit and prick head visible.

Billy leaned over and ran his tongue up and down the nylon covered shaft.

"Oh Billy! Stand up. I just gotta see that cock of yours." Ford said. Billy stood in front of him with his teen meat bulging out so much in the white cotton that the

waistband was about two inches out from his waist. Ford stared at the sight of the full-hard dick packed in Billy's underpants. He ran his hands all over the front and spreading Billy's thighs, he cupped the teen balls and reached even deeper. Billy was in ecstacy. Then Ford grasped the waistband and pulled it over Billy's cockhead and on down to reveal his cock and balls. Before Billy could speak, Ford sucked the boy's wet gooey cockhead into his mouth, forcing the boy to face fuck him.

Billy went wild and trembled as the hot looking latin sucked his rod. He looked down and saw Ford had made a pre-cum juice mess in his nylon shorts. He reached down and let his fingers play in the pre-fuck juice oozing from Ford's piss slit.

Ford let Billy's prick pop out of his mouth and stood up facing the horny teenager.

"My turn now?" Billy asked.

He dropped to his knees and began sucking the precum out of the nylon Ford wore. Then he skinned the shorts down to reveal a long dark, slender, cut cock. Before the clock ticked another second, Billy had the sticky rod in his mouth.

"Let's get on my bed where we can 69 Billy," Ford said.

"Okay, but what I'd really like is for you to fuck me."

"HELL. YES!!! Kid, I'd love to fuck you more than anything."

Once on the bed, Ford took some kind of lube and began to apply it to Billy's cock hungry butt hole. Once he was satisfied it was slick enough, he pushed his latin cock into the hole.

Billy yelped in pain and Ford withdrew, "I'm sorry, Billy maybe we'd better not."

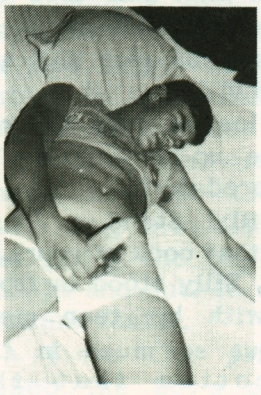
Billy pleaded,"No, go on it will feel so good later." So, Ford gave a few hard pushes and he was in. All the way. When his cock hit Billy's prostate, Billy couldn't control himself and began to shoot off all over Ford's bed. Ford began fucking harder into the firm asshole. Deeper and harder and faster and faster until he finally went nuts and filled Billy with his fuck juice. It felt like he would not ever stop cumming. Ford had never had a boy this young or good looking. And it was his best buddy's kid brother.

The two bodies fell to rest on the sheets covered with Billy's wet jizz.

Then, Ford said something that Billy would never forget in his life.

"I can't believe you are real, Billy. You're even a hotter and much better fuck than my lover ...your brother, Dean."

A VERY DIFFERENT STUDIO WITH A VERY DIFFERENT PRODUCT



MANCO is a studio devoted to the erotic possibilities of jockstraps, underwear, and gym gear. We bring you swimmers stripping, football players getting off, and guys at home acting out their private fantasies. If you ever watched the guy next door strip to his shorts getting ready for bed and were teased beyond ordinary lust—we will show you what happens after the shades are down and the shorts come off. Hundreds of photo sets are available on many different guys and now two hot videos! Each video is approximately 90 min. with 4 hot guys using, abusing and playing with gym gear or underwear.

Video #5.....$55.00

SOLOS—Watch four hot guys as they strip and then play with underwear, jockstraps, and themselves 'til they shoot hot loads of cum. Mark, a hot Marine; Jeffery, a tall 6'5"; Cliff, a hot 18 year old blond; and Adam, a smiling solid hunk. 2 hours long.

Video #6.....$55.00

DUOS—Mark is a hot Marine and Wes is his cute roommate. Watch them as they tease each other, pose and strip for each other, and then "get it on." Rob and Ray are lovers and that is what is striking about this segment. Their love comes across strong as they strip and then bring each other off. 2 hours long.

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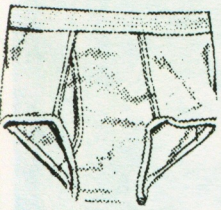
Because of the Supreme Court's ruling on Georgia's sodomy law, The famous Rhett Butler and Ashley Wilkes scene will have to be edited. The dialog originally went something like,"Oh, Rhett. my ass hasn't been this hot since that nasty Sherman set fire to Atlanta."

HOW DARE YOU COME PEEPING INTO MY BEDROOM!! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!
I AM THE POLICE.
GEORGIA NEWS STATE BAN ON SAME SEX ACTS UPHELD

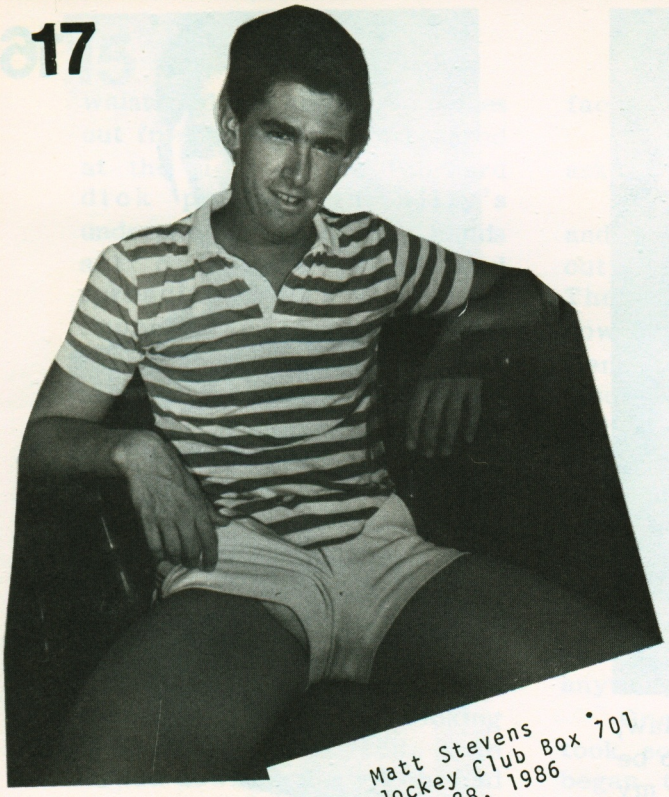
SURPRISE TO SOME: The San Diego Union ran this editorial cartoon on the Supreme Court Decision

The above cartoon is from the San Diego Union. Jockey Club thinks that it is very appropriate and conveys out sentiments exactly.



"I want to see hairy guys in jockstraps!" We get letters like this each month. Our German collegues sent us this photo of Mark. It is reported that Mark regularly trims all of his body hair... with power mower!

The Jewel of the Nile? This star studded posing strap from ADONIS magazine of Germany looks more like a left over costume from The closing ceremonies of Liberty Weekend. The wear reports one should never wear it inside out for obvious reasons.



Matt Stevens
Jockey Club Box 701
June 28, 1986

Dear Jockey Club Buddies:

David White took these photos of me last week at Rick's place. It was an exciting experience to strip for his camera so you guys could inspect my underpants. I had brought other gear but when David saw my tight Fruit of the Loom briefs, (I had worn my very favorite pair), he wouldn't let me take them off...almost. When I opened my tight white tennis shorts, David's camera lens began poking at every stitch in my snug briefs. He made me spread my legs as far apart as I could so you could check out the leg openings. All of this attention had caused my cock to stir and begin giving the white cotton a stress test. When I stood, my white cotton cock to waistband so far out from my waist that I could look straight down and see my naked hard prick.

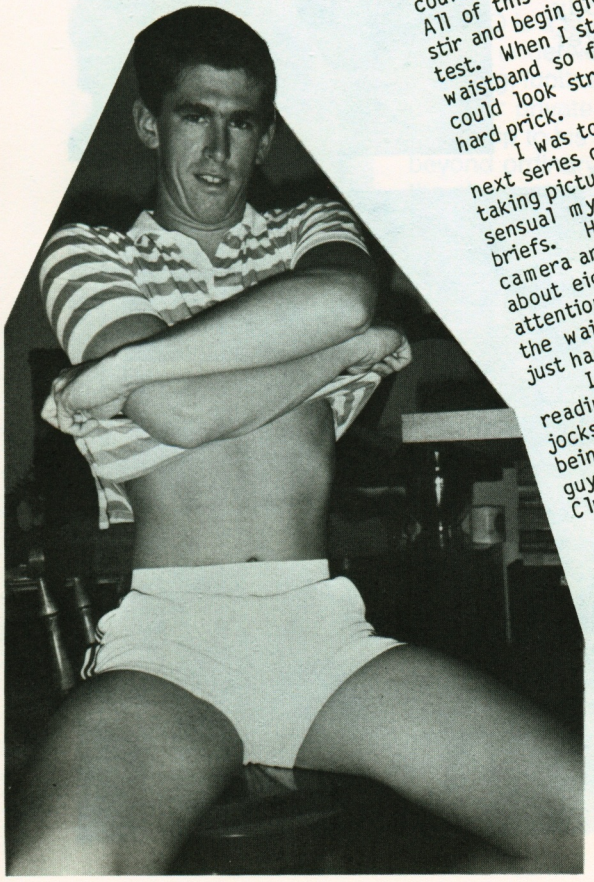
I was told to lie on Rick's couch for the next series of shots. As soon as David began taking pictures again, I realized how warm and sensual my cock felt inside my fully packed briefs. He had put a close-up lens on his camera and was taking shots of my briefs from about eight inches away. My dick loved the attention it was getting so, it sneaked out of the waistband of my shorts. I was so hard I just had to cum.

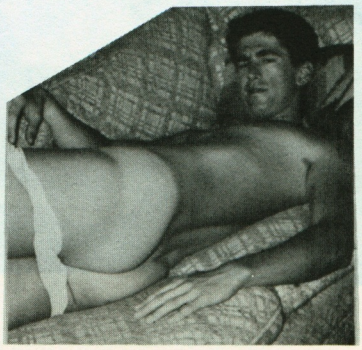
I love Jockey Club Magazine. I jack off reading the stories, looking at the bulging jockstrap pouches and bulging briefs. I like being a member of the club. And, I hope you guys like my pictures. Write to me at Jockey Club. My box number is JC171.

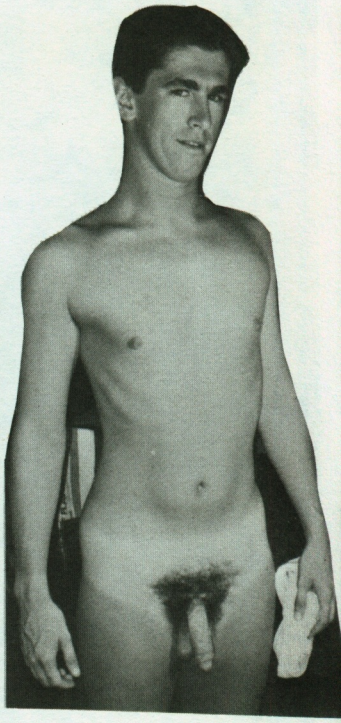
Your fellow member,

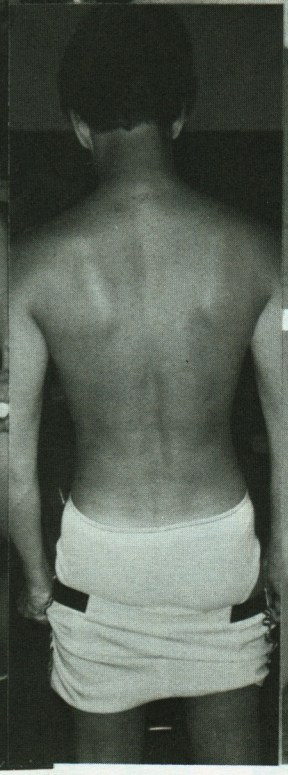
Matt

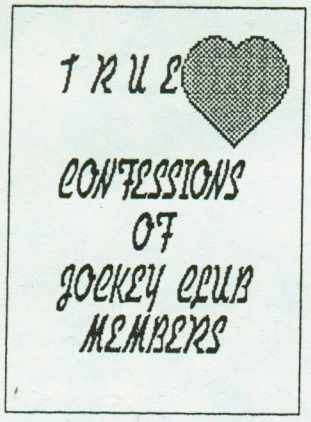
Matt Stevens











When I was growing up, I spent several years living with my Uncle's family because my dad worked in construction and travelled a lot. I remember when I was about 12 moving to live with the family. An older brother had left to join the Navy, so they had an empty bed in a room I'd be sharing with my cousin.

He was older than me--about 16 I think, and I was always pissed because I wanted to hang out with him and his friends, but they never wanted to take me along...treating me like a little kid.

Anyhow, I was real dumb then, and didn't even know what sex was--even anything about boys, let alone girls. My older cousin was a sports freak and just loved baseball. Naturally, like so many athlete types, he always wore JOCKEY underpants. Nothing fancy, just basic white. I remember noticing how different they were from my own little-boys Fruit of the Looms. His had side seams and a Y-front with a rounded support pouch and seemed to fit him like a second skin in contrast to my own loose fitting underwear.

Sometimes, when he came home late after being out with his buddies, he kind of sneaked into the room, thinking I was asleep, and quietly stripped and laid down on his bed.

The first time I was awake when he masturbated, I nearly flipped. Like I said I was real dumb and didn't even know what he was doing. I thought he was sick or something at first, because of his ragged breathing and orgasmic groaning noises. On warm nights, I could actually see his hand moving when he rubbed the front of his shorts.

He did it several times a week, and after awhile, I deliberately stayed awake to listen and watch in the darkness while he got off. I didn't realize at first that he was ejaculating during his groaning and hard breathing climax. I was too young then to understand what my teenage cousin was experiencing.

I did find out later though, that his Jockey underpants were always wet afterwards when he rubbed at night. I'd found a still-damp pair at the foot of his bed one morning after he'd left for school. They were darkly wet around the Y-front and there were streamers and splash marks radiating outward from the center seam.

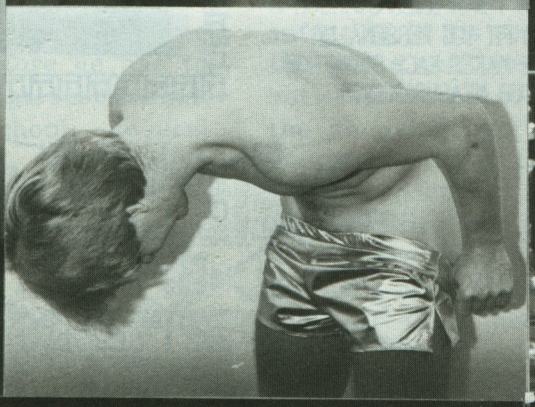
I thought he was pissing at night then, and after awhile I kidded him about it. He just grinned and told me I'd understand when I got older--but not to say anything, because boys don't usually talk about it. Well, I kept my promise, but naturally was curious as hell about what he was doing.

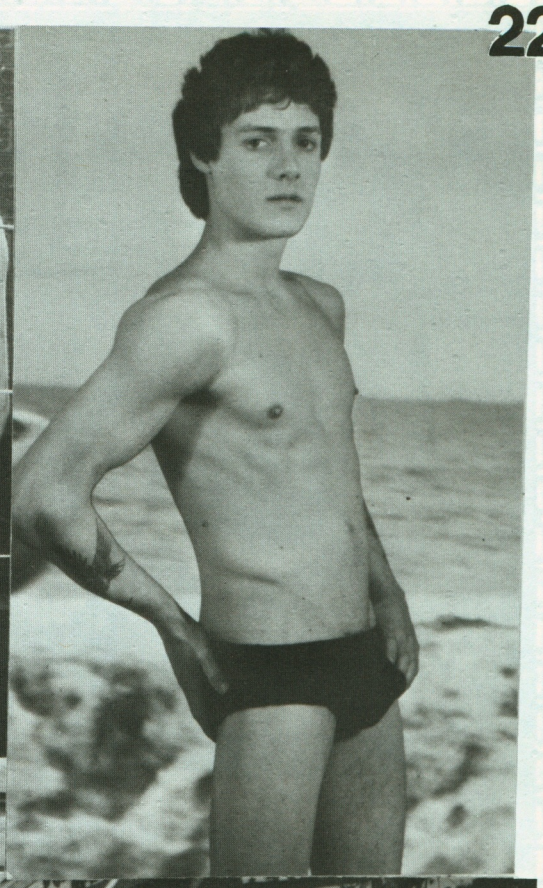
Finally, he told me that stuff like that happens when a boy thinks about girls too much, but nobody talks about it. When I heard him and his buddies talk about fucking--I thought they meant you stuck it in a girl and pissed. Never could understand why that would be much fun.

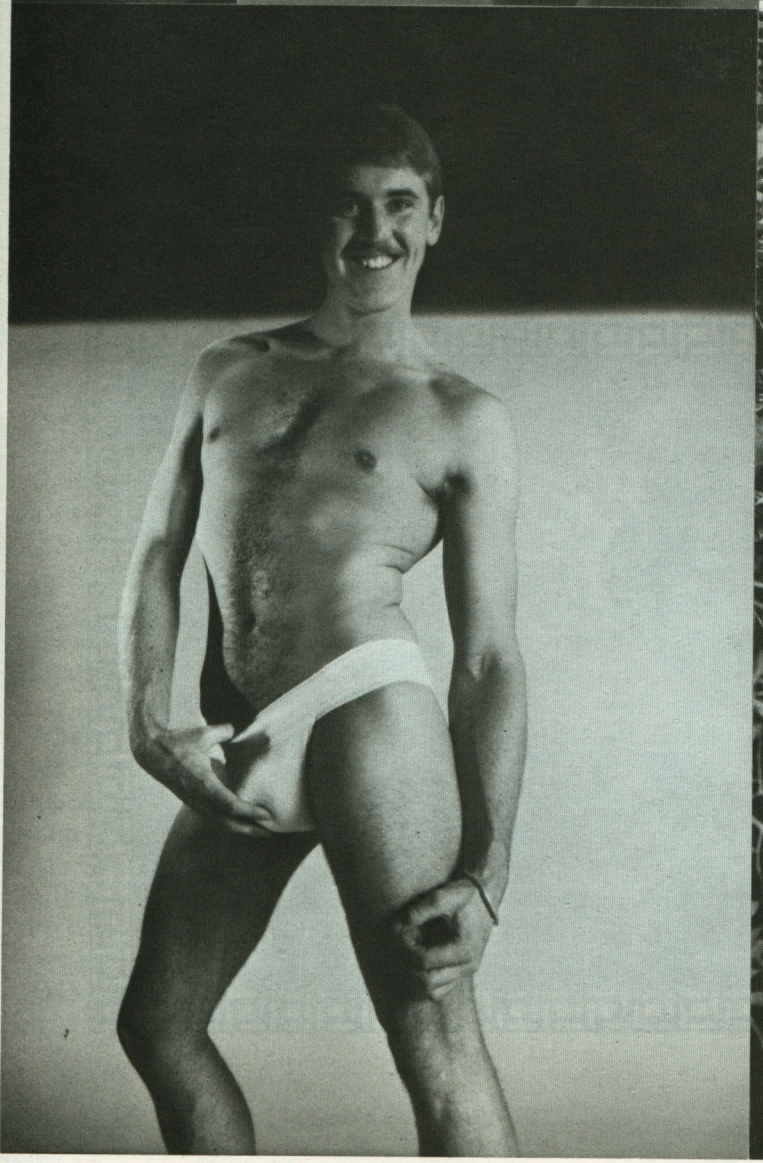
Later, when I was 14, I accidentally had my own first climax in bed one night while rubbing the bulge in my briefs, wetting the front of my boy's Fruit of the Looms. By then, my cousin had joined the Navy, like his older brother, and I couldn't even compare notes or anything with him. However, I did start wearing his hand-me-down Jockeys, and by the time I was 16 I saved enough newspaper money to get my own. It made me feel more like the older guys to wear them, just like my cousin. Besides, when I started into basketball and track in high school, I noticed lots of the athlete-crowd always wore Jockey brand, and it made me feel more grown up and part of the group when I dropped my jeans with the other guys in the lockerroom.

And, learning from my cousins example, I always preferred climaxing into the front of my Jockey underpants like he always did. Gave me a "macho" feeling to do it like him --- saved sheets too!

Did it all through high school, college too. So, that's my story.







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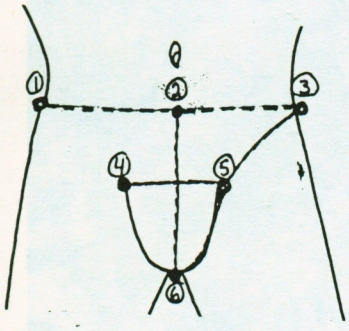
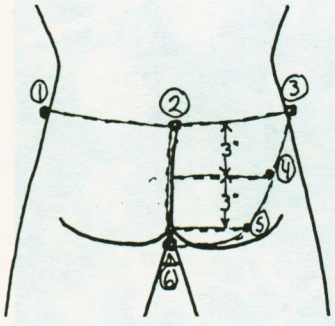




TIM'S EXCITING SUMMER

BY TOM HANDCOCK

The sun was just dropping below the horizon as Tim Claver glanced out the window of the bus. They were speeding down the straight highway bordered on both sides by farms as far as the eye could see. Tim was happy. School was over for the summer and he had three full months before he had to return to Chicago for his final year of high school. Several weeks earlier, after being perturbed at not being able to find a job for the summer, a letter had come from his Uncle Box in Kansas. The letter had been an invitation to spend a month on the farm. Time had leapt at the chance. He had been anxious to get our of the hustle and bustle of the city, and since he hadn't been able to find a job, this was just the chance he had been waiting for.

Aunt Alice had died suddenly two years earlier, so Uncle Bob now lived alone in the big house with his son, Dave. Dave was around Tim's age, but Time could hardly remember him. Uncle Bob's family had never come to Chicago to visit the Clavers, and Tim's family had only been once to visit the farm when Time was eight years old. So, time was looking forward to seeing his relatives again.

Time stretched his large frame in the seat tugging at his tight Levis where they were pulling at the crotch. Tim ran his fingers through his soft, blond hair, and adjusted his sunglasses. He had matured fast and he was proud of the way others looked at him. He frequently caught admiring glances coming his way, from the guys as well as the girls. He had on a new pair of Levis that his mother had insisted that he wear, though he had insisted that he would be more comfortable in his old faded pair. But, no, she wanted him to **make a good impression,** so here he was suffering in his seat. Not only did the pants look **new,** but the gaps between the buttons of the fly had the annoying habit of opening far enough to show the white of his jockey shorts. He had already glimpsed two men staring at him.

There were few people in the bus as it droned along the highway. Most of them had gotten off in Kansas City. Uncle Bob's farm was just outside of Abilene, so Tim didn't have too much further to go. In the seat across from him, Tim glanced at a young sailor who had boarded the bus in Kansas City. The sailor was lying back in his seat, with his jacket over his lap. At first, Tim thought he was asleep, but then he noticed the sailor's right hand was underneath the jacket, which was moving up and down.

"Oh, wow," thought Tim, "it looks like he's jacking off in a public bus!"

As he continued to watch out of the corner of his eye, tim could see the rhythmic movements getting faster and faster and he could hear the sailor starting to breathe heavier. Tim's own dick began to harden as he realized what the sailor was doing. He made his tightly stretched Levis rub over his stiffening cock. He felt the rod getting hard and thick, pushing up along his belly until the bulbous head was touching the bottom of his brief's elastic waistband. Time pushed his right leg out, stretching it and making room in his pants for his dick. Time had discovered the pleasures of jacking off a few years before, but, while he enjoyed doing it, he never would have dared it where someone else might happen to notice.

Just then, the bus driver pulled into a small town, bring the bus to a stop in front of a well-lighted restaurant.

"We'll have a fifteen minute rest stop," he called out.

The sailor, after a little activity under his jacket, had gotten up to leave the bus, and Time, curious, followed at a safe distance. As the sailor stepped down the steps of the bus to the platform, Tim was right behind him, and he noticed the outlines of his underpants through the tight white material of his uniform.

As he reached the light, the sailor stopped briefly at the candy counter and Tim noticed how really handsome he was. He looked not much older than Tim, with dark hair and a well-tanned complexion. As she reached up to pay for his candy bar, tim couldn't help but notice the long, stiff rod that was perfectly obvious through the tight pants.

Tim's cock stirred again, and he wondered, "What's the matter with me? Why should I find this sailor so interesting?"

Unable to restrain himself, Tim followed the sailor as he went into the men's room. As Tim entered, he noticed the door of the last cubicle closing and under it saw the sailor turn around and drip his pants to the floor. Hesitatingly, tim entered the next cubicle, and unbuckled his Levis. As he pulled them down, he could feel his now erect dick straining to get out of the soft, white material of his jockey shorts. He traced the outline of the hard rod before pulling the shorts down and sitting on the toilet, wondering what was

TIM'S EXCITING SUMMER (CONT)

happening next door. Time was a little disturbed to find that several holes had been bored in the wall.

"What if he can see me, the way I am?" thought Tim, and he pushed his erect cock down between his legs.

Tim tried keeping his eyes straight ahead, but as he heard a soft rhythmic sound from the next booth, he stealthily glanced over toward one of the holes. It was small, and at first he couldn't make out anything through it. Suddenly there was movement, and as his eyes focused, he was able to make out a long, thick cock, sticking out of the fly of a pair of tight briefs, being gently massage by the sailor's hand.

Tim's own cock was straining between his legs. He reached down and began to stroke it, slowly so the movements could not be heard. Tim could sense the sailor moving closer to the wall.

"Was he listening, or looking through the hole himself?" wondered Tim.

Then, through the hole he had been looking through, Tim saw a rolled sheet of toilet paper being pushed through. With trembling hands, he pulled it out, unrolled it, and read what had been hastily pencilled on one side--"Why don't you push it through the large hole?"

Tim was aghast. What did this guy mean? Sure enough, there was a hole about an inch and a half in diameter just in front of him.

"I guess he wants to see my cock," thought Tim, "Oh well, why not; what can I lose?"

So, standing and facing the wall, letting his pants and briefs drop to the floor, Tim placed his erect lance through the hole. Was that a sigh he heard? He was about to pull it back, when he felt the softest tough as the sailor's fingers, feathery light, brushed over the straining purple head. Slowly, they strayed down the shaft, playing with the folds of skin, tweaking the wispy hairs that grew around the base.

Tim was petrified, but he didn't move. He was feeling the strangest and most wonderful sensation. Then, he started, as something moist touched the shaft. The sailor's tongue had taken the place of his fingers, and it was tracing circles on Tim's hot flesh.

"Oh wow,"murmured Tim as the sailor's mouth closed delicately over the head, and stared a slow, sucking motion.

tim bent his knees and strained against the wall. Jacking off had never felt like this. His cock was expanding and expanding until he was sure it would burst. Ecstacy overcame Tim.

"Oh, man," he exclaimed, "keep it up, don't stop...don't stop ...oh, man, ohhhh!" tim could not hold back his climax, and he shot and shot into the greedy mouth; time and time again he came, while the sailor licked every last drop of thick boy cum. Weakly, Tim fell back on the seat, closing his eyes to relive the delicious sensation. My, he had never felt anything like that every before in his whole life.

"Bus number 2846 is now boarding," blared the loud speaker to bring Tim our of his reverie.

As Tim pulled up his jockey shorts and pants, he noticed that the sailor had already returned to the bus. Tim hurried back to his seat just as the bus lurched back onto the highway. As he glanced across the aisle, he saw the sailor look up and smile at him. Tim shyly smiled back and drifted off into a restful sleep.

It was 10' o'clock when the bus pulled into Abilene depot. Time awoke with a start, and hastily gathered his belongings together. Most of the other passengers were asleep, with Time the only one getting off at this stop.

"Would Uncle Bob be there to meet me?" thought Tim. He had never been on a trip all by himself before and he was little apprehensive.

Any fears he might have had were unfounded, for as soon as he stepped down from the bus, he heard his name called, and looking up, he noticed a tall broad-shouldered man and a boy his age coming toward him.

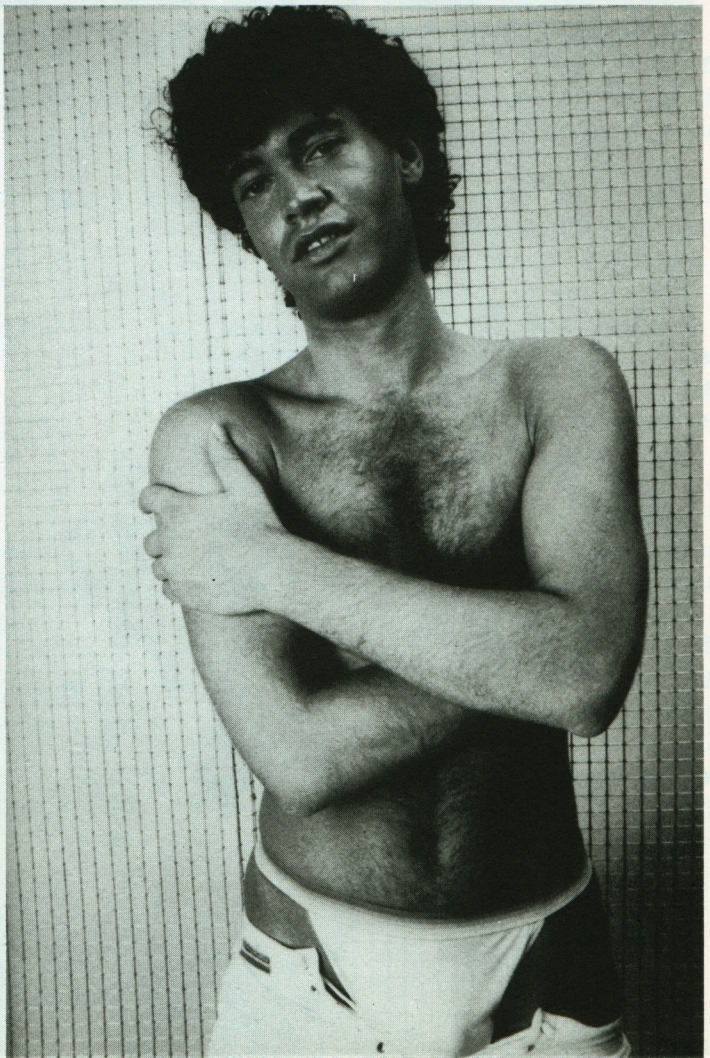
"You must be Uncle Bob," said Tim, smiling and extending his hand. "I sure appreciate your coming to meet the bus."

"It was no trouble whatsoever," was the reply, as Uncle Bob warmly gripped the boy's hand. "Here, let me take your suitcase. Dave, you remember your cousin, Tim?"

Dave stepped out from the shadows smiling shyly and shook hands with Tim. Tim almost gasped audibly as he saw his cousin. Dave was one of the most gorgeous boys he had ever seen. He was a little shorter than Tim, but very well-proportioned, his body strong and hard. He wore his blond hair long and it curled gently around his ears and over his collar, framing a cheerful face. Dave had a deep tan, showing he was used to working outdoors. He was wearing a tight, faded pair of Levis that had been cut off just below the crotch and a blue T-shirt.

Hesitatingly, Dave put his arm

TIM CONT ON PAGE 28



RENÉ · TÄNZER : DRESSMAN · STRIP-BOY

around Tim's shoulder as he led him toward the parking lot, and Tim tingled at the warmth coming from his cousin's arm.

"Tim, you don;t know how glad we are to see you. You and I are going to have some great times this summer. It's going to be great to have someone my own age to talk to. It gets kind of lonesome on the farm sometimes."

"What about me?" asked uncle Bob with a smile, "have you forgotten that I live there too?"

"Oh, Dad," answered Dave, "you know that isn't the same thing as having someone you own age."

Already Tim felt at home with Uncle Bob and Dave. He knew that he was going to have an enjoyable summer. The three guys stopped by a green pickup truck and threw Tim's luggage in the back, then climbed into the cab. Tim squeezed in between his relatives and they started off for the farm. He couldn't help but feel a little uneasy as the two hunky guys pressed against him on both sides. He noticed that Dave's Levis had been cut off so short that as he sat on the seat, the white of his underwear could be seen through the leg openings.

"Are you tired after your long ride, Tim?" asked Uncle Bob.

"Yes, sort of," said Tim. "My legs got kind of cramped riding in a bus. My muscles ache as if I'd been climbing a mountain."

"Well, a good hot bath should take care of that, Tim." He took his right hand off the steering wheel to rub Tim's leg that was pressed against his own, "we'll soon have you feeling as good as new."

The truck had left the town and was now bouncing along a narrow dirt road. A gate loomed up ahead and Dave hopped out to open it and close it again after the truck had passed through. Just around a bend, Tim spied the farmhouse that he just barely recollected from his earlier trip.

As they pulled up by the front door, Uncle Bob called out, "We'll give you a tour first thing in the morning. But, tonight you need a good rest. Dave, show Tim to the bedroom and get him settled in a nice, hot bath, and I'll bring up some hot chocolate before you guys go to bed."

The boys piled out of the truck and carried the luggage upstairs. Dave's room was a large one at the back of the house, furnished just as a boy would furnish it. The walls, panelled in pine, were covered with pictures of cowboys and horses. A fancy lariat was artistically draped on one wall, along with stirrups, whips, spurs and bridles.

"I hope you don;t mind sleeping with me," said Dave, indicating the double bed, "If you'd rather sleep alone, we have a cot in the closet we could open up, but it wouldn't be as comfortable."

"Oh, I don't mind at all," Tim replied.

Tim had never slept with anybody before, and would really have rather slept alone, but he didn't want to seem unfriendly toward his cousin on his first night. Tim was a little worried, for he knew how his dick sometimes became excited in the mornings and he didn't want to be embarrassed in front of his cousin.

"Over here's the bathroom," pointed Dave. "Why don't you just hop in the tub while I straighten up the room and make room for your stuff?"

"Okay, Dave. That sounds just great."

Tim opened his suitcase to grab a pair of pajamas and went into the bathroom, carefully shutting the door behind him. As soon as the tub filled, he pulled off his shoes and socks, then came his shirt and pants, and finally he skinned down his tight jockey shorts. He stepped into the tub and stretched out full length. My, this did feel good. Just as he had started to soap himself, the door opened and in came Dave. Embarrassed, Tim quickly but nonchalantly dropped the wash cloth over his manhood, but Dave didn't seem to notice. He came in whistling and went over to the basin.

"How does the bath feel?" he asked.

"Awesome! I've never felt anything as good in my whole life. This hot water sure takes the kinks out in a hurry."

"While you're in there," said Dave, "I'll take a shower in the stall. Then I won't wake you up getting to bed after you."

Tim watched transfixed as Dave pulled off his T-shirt, tossing his hair back into place, then opened his cutoffs and pulled them down and off of his feet. As he turned around to reach into the shower and regulate the water, the elastic of his underpants dug into the firm flesh around his firm, rounded buttocks. Tim had to move around in the tub as he felt his cock slowly lengthening. Then Dave pulled off his underpants and tossed them on top of the clothes hamper. His circumcised dick was about five inches long, even bigger than Tim's. It was surrounded by a mass of kinky blond, almost

reddish, hair. Tim was amazed as Dave stepped into the shower. My, he though, this guy really has it. The girls must really go for him.

Tim hurried his bath, then towelled himself off, trying to ignore his half-erect cock. He jerked his pajamas on, but then as an afterthought, realized that the state of his cock was showing, so he quickly shoved the bottoms off again and slipped his briefs on before getting back into the pajamas. Now he felt a little more decent. Time moved into the bedroom just as Dave stepped out of the shower.

"I am sure looking forward to seeing the place tomorrow," called Tim as he climbed into bed. "By the way, which side of the bed do I get?"

"It doesn't matter," answered Dave from the bathroom. "Take your pick."

Dave came out of the bathroom, wearing just his tight briefs. He was fumbling around trying to get his huge cock to find a comfortable position inside the tight Jockey brand shorts. Tim couldn't help but notice this action, and it made his cock tingle. Dave suddenly leapt over Tim to the other side of the bed just as Uncle Bob knocked and came in the door bringing two steaming cups of hot chocolate on a tray. He sat on the edge of the bed while the boys drank their chocolate, and detailed the plans for the next day. While he talked he rested his hand lightly on the covers over Tim, and moved it back and forth. Every once in awhile the hand would stray near Tim's cock.

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"Doesn't he realize he is making me hot?" thought Tim.

"Well, I hope you boys have a nice sleep," he concluded, with one final pat over Tim's dick. It was now almost completely erect again, but thankfully held in by his briefs, and Tim shuddered at the feel of the hand through the thin covers. Bob collected the cups, and Tim noticed a wink as he went out the door flicking out the light as he went.

"Good night, Tim."

"Good night, Dave. I hope I don't kick during the night."

"Well, if you do, Tim, I'll just kick you back."

Dave was soon breathing heavily and Tim could realize that he had dropped off to sleep. Tim was restless, but he didn't want to move for fear of waking Dave. Here he was in a strange bed, and he couldn't sleep. As he lay there thinking, he was acutely aware of the presence of the handsome boy sleeping next to him. And, as he remembered Dave's body as he had undressed for the shower, his cock started to rise again. He wondered what was coming over him, but he found that his thoughts kept coming back to a question about whether Dave ever jacked off like he did. What would that five inch cock look like stretched out in full erection?

Tim couldn't resist the impulse to see if he could get a closer look at the fantastic cock that his cousin sported. He moved closer to Dave who way lying on his back, until his leg brushed against the boy's. Slowly, Tim moved his hand up Dave's leg, hunting for the lump. His cautious fingers soon found the elastic leg band of Dave's briefs, then moved stealthily over the soft cotton until they reached a warm mound. Tim's finger traced over the outline of Dave's full dick through the briefs. Then, suddenly, there was a brief, almost imperceptible motion under Tim's fingers. Tim gave a start, but then continued his gentle stroking as he felt Dave's cock start to lengthen. Slowly, so as not to awaken the sleeping boy, Tim continued to carefully massage the cock. He could feel it growing and growing under his active fingers, and as he continued to rub with his right hand, he moved his left hand over to open his pajamas and reach into the fly of his own briefs to pull out his cock and begin jerking it.

Dave's cock was straining at the sheer material now, and tim moved his fingers into the fly to feel the hot, hard shaft, velvet-smooth against his fingertips. Tim curled his fingers around the hard cock, but because of the tightness of the briefs and the size of the dick, it wasn't easy to maneuver it out of the covering garment. But, eventually, he was successful in pointing the head toward the hole,

TIM'S EXCITING SUMMER (CONT.)

and as the cock sprang out, tim grasped it in his fist, and moved his hand up and down, matching the movements with those on his own cock. Suddenly, Dave gave an audible sigh in his sleep, and as Tim quickly jerked his hand away, Dave rolled over on his side away from Tim.

Tim was so hot now that he could hardly stand it. He was sure that his shaking of the bed would soon awaken Dave, but he also knew he had to get release. So, he slid out of bed and crept quietly into the bathroom. There he noticed the clothes hamper, and opening it, inside spied another pair of Dave's briefs. Time picked them up and inhaled deeply of the pleasant odor of Dave's body which was still very evident in the briefs. And, realizing that that big cock had been imprisoned snugly inside of these underpants, he began jerking off. With one hand he held the shorts up to his nose, and with the other back and forth he pulled his cock until with a deep moan, he shot his wad into the toilet. WoW! Tim couldn't figure what was wrong with him. Why was he so interested in sex all of a sudden, and why was he attracted to boys rather than girls? Am I becoming queer, he worried, one of those fairies that all the guys joke about? He carefully cleaned off his wilting cock before fitting it back inside his briefs and rebuttoning his pajamas. Then, he slipped back into bed.

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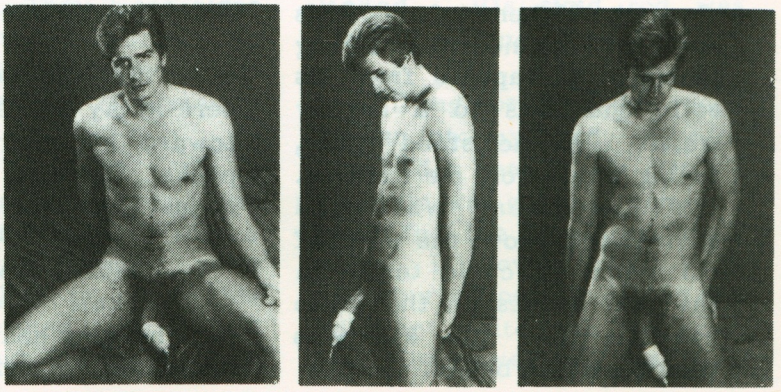

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USE ORDER FORM IN THIS ISSUE.

THE LINE BOY

BY A JOCKEY CLUB MEMBER

I had enjoyed a great day of flying. The air was heavy but clear and the temperature made the cabin of my Cessna comfortable with the small vent window open. I landed and taxied to my tie down ready to call it a day but discovered that the airport-owned pickup truck blocked my space. It was not a major problem. I taxied to an open slot down the line and shut down. I figured that Doug, the weekend line boy, had left the truck there and any excuse for talking to him was okay with me.

Doug was a local kid who had always hung around the airport. He loved flying and had made his solo flight just last month. He worked for peanuts just to get shorts at a few hours of fly time whenever he could. He was tall and muscular with dark hair and eyes. There was an honesty and innocence about him that I found complimented his great looks. He would probably be very embarrassed if he knew how often I watched him from afar.

One afternoon I spotted Doug washing down a plane. He had stripped off his work shirt. He stood on a ladder, hose and brush in hand, stretching and reaching to clean the higher surfaces. His back was tanned and strong looking. It tapered from his solid shoulders to a narrow waist. As he stood there, facing away from me I stared. His underwear waistband showed just above the waist of his jeans. I could tell from the thin stripes on the white elastic that the kid was wearing Hanes briefs.

He turned as he came down the ladder. Doug had a nearly smooth, hairless chest. A fine frown fuzz seemed to form between his nipples and flow toward his naval and beyond. His briefs peaked out above his jeans in the front and the bulge behind his fly became a favorite memory of mine during some heavy duty jerk off sessions. I had even bought some white cotton Hanes brand to wear and jerk off into.

Today I found Doug in the repair hanger. He was again dressed in the airport work uniform, navy blue work shirt and work pants. He stood at the parts cleaning table, up to his elbows in grease and solvent.

"Doug, are you driving the pickup?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I left it near your tie down because I thought you'd be gone all day. If you hang on for a few minutes, I'll clean my hands and move it."

"It's okay, I shut down in a nearby slot for the time being. I'll move my plane later when you get a chance to move the truck." It was obvious that Doug was concerned about my inconvenience and it showed in his eyes.

"Sir, the keys are right here in my pocket." he nodded toward his right hand pants pocket, "Give me a few minutes or just grab them."

I looked toward his waist and pocket. I could see the keys hanging heavy in his right hand side, opposite an equally heavy bulge in the left hand side. I had no doubt what I would have done if Doug hung right instead of apparently hanging left. I moved forward and slid my hand into that right side, feeling for the keys as Doug turned slightly to east my job. The backs of my fingers warmed by his body heat seeping through the trouser pocket. I retrieved them and slid my hand our, feeling a flush fill my face. I hoped it wasn't leaving me as red as I felt.

"I'll be right back," I called as I turned and walked away.

The truck started on the first try. I drove it away from my tie down and began getting out. There on the floor, sticking out from under the seat, was the glossy corner of a magazine. A pair of feet were showing leaving me with no doubt that it was one of Doug's skin magazines like Playboy or Hustler. I reached for it and was surprised to find two men on the cover. Both were naked and sucking each other. Black dots cover the spot where the cocks were entering each other's mouths. Paging through confirmed that Doug had put the magazine to good use. Several corners were dog erred and two sets were stuck together. I returned the magazine to its hiding place and locked the truck.

When I got back to the repair hangar, Doug had washed-up and was headed for lunch. "Here are the keys, Doug."

"Thanks, sir. I'm sorry to have inconvenienced you. It won't happen again."

"No problem," I answered,

trying to judge the moment. "In fact, I took a few extra moments to look at your magazine."

It took a moment for my words to register with Doug. A line of red moved up his neck and face as he lowered his head. His hands fumbled in an embarrassed way trying to find some place to rest. They moved to his pockets as he looked up. "I found that just today. It's not really mine."

"Sure, anything you say," I told him.

"No. I mean it. I mean... well you know. I was going to throw it out when I got to the hanger here."

Without realizing what he was doing, Doug had pushed his hands deep into his pants pocket. His left hand was nerbvously pushing against his teenage cock. The blush in his face had started to subside as he continued to look down at his feet, worse than any kid with his hand caught in the cookie jar.

"Doug, you're one of the nicest kids I've ever met. In fact, if I had known you were interested in that type magazine I would have brought you mine when I'm done reading them."

Doug looked up. His eyes met mine and asked questions without words. The moment passed and he spoke to fill the empty time. "I feel stupid. I mean I do like that magazine but I really did find it. I've never been with a guy, in fact I've never been with anybody except myself."

I stepped closer and reached out. My hand rested on his shoulder. "Doug, don't worry. You'll know when its right."

"Yeah, I guess, but I want to know now. His hand came out of his pocket and reached up for mine. "Please?" He asked, pulling me toward the parts room.

He closed the door behind us and turned to me. "Tell me what to do."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Yes, Please."

I reached for the bulge in his work pants and rested my hand on the growing cock behind the zipper. My hands moved to the waist of his trousers and undid the belt and button. I knelt in front of him, inches from his crotch. I lowered his zipper and pulled the fly wide letting gravity pull his pants down to his knees. I could see the soft looking pouch of his briefs now visible below the tails of his work shirt. Doug himself was unbuttoning his shirt. It fell open leaving him standing there with just his underpants covering his swollen dick. His shorts were Hanes, just like the one time I spotted him on the ladder. They were older and worn thin in sports. He must have grown since he got the shorts and the fit was very tight.

I could see his cock pressed against the cotton, a dark spot of pre-cum juice already soaked in where his cock head pushed itself toward me. My hand slid up his firm leg to the leg opening, paused for a moment then continued under the cloth to touch his balls and the fuzz of his pubic hair. I moved my fingers along the swollen shaft of his erect cock and pushed it upward toward the waistband of his briefs.

Doug reached for his shorts and tried to push them off his narrow hips but my hand and arm prevented him from getting them down. He managed to expose the head and start of the thick shaft of his cock. He stepped out of his work pants, each move pressing his balls against my arm. His cock now stood partially free. It was full and dark. The excitement had formed the head into a pink mushroom. One throbbing vein pulsed along the underside.

I untangled my arm from Doug's jockeys but didn't slide them down. My freed hands now pressed his dick that was trapped my the waistband of his shorts. The tight elastic held his cock firmly against his belly. My lips took his cock and wetly sucked him into my mouth. There was a salty taste to his virgin fluids that excited me all the more. I reached and held his pouch of cotton, cupping his balls in one hand and stroking his cock with the other. I sucked and licked. His rigid rod was already hot enough to cum,

Doug pressed his cock harder into my hand. His hips assumed a beat of his own. I knew he was going to come. I could feel the wave form in his balls. It moved up his cock and spurted out, splashing me with hot white rich boy cum. One load wet my face, a

third shot from his piss slit as he pulled away slightly forcing his cock hack behind the cloth of his briefs. A fourth juicy wave of cum leaked out and formed a dark wet circle.

His young penis relaxed. Almost as quick to calm as it was to excite. It's size changed. Doug stood there with his open shirt and cum soaked briefs. He reached for his own bulge and held himself for a moment before sliding the underwear down his legs and off. Stepping out of his briefs, he pulled his cock gently then released it to hang heavily over his teen balls. Cum glistened on his fine brown pubic hair. He leaned over and picked up his undershorts, using them to gently wipe the cum from my face. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me, slowly sinking down to the ground onto his own knees.

I looked down. My own hard-on pressed against my clothing. At my feet knelt a naked young man. A satisfied look on his upturned face. He undid my trousers and lowered them. His finger found the my hard cock jutting against the white cotton of my Jockey brand briefs. I reached for the back of his head and pulled his face forward. A bolt of excitement shot through my body as I felt Doug's teen tongue licking at the bulge in my tight jockeys. His tongue traced the outline of the upside-down Y of the pouch. His mouth opened and he used his lips to pinch and pull at my hard dick then gently brushed his tongue under the pouch containing my balls. He reached for the elastic waistband and pulled down, turning them inside-out as they moved down my legs. His arms and hands circled my bare legs and pulled me to him, pressing me against his own warm naked flesh.

His inexperienced mouth and tongue kissed my cock, licking me and wetting the length of my dick. His mouth gently explored the head. Both hands jerked at me, pulling me beyond control. I shot my load right then! Doug moved back slightly, not holding me in his mouth, but letting my blasting come splash all over his face and lips. A single glistening wad moved down his chin and neck, stopping as it reach his bare chest. I pulled him against me, pressing his cheek into my crotch. No words were spoken.

He reached for his already soiled shorts and wiped himself off. Standing silently we both dressed. I pulled my underwear and pants up as Doug put his jeans on without his briefs. He tucked his cum stained underwear into his pocket. I knew that flying was going to have a new meaning after today.

"Doug."

"Yes, sir?"

"I really enjoyed it, too."

I reached for the briefs in his pocket. "I'd like to keep your underwear if I could."

"Sure." Doug pulled them out and handed them to me. "They're kind of messy."

"That's Okay," I replied. "I'll probably make them even messier myself."

"Can we do this again?" Doug asked.

"Sure, in fact, I'll be flying again tomorrow. Would you like to go along?"

"That would be great!"

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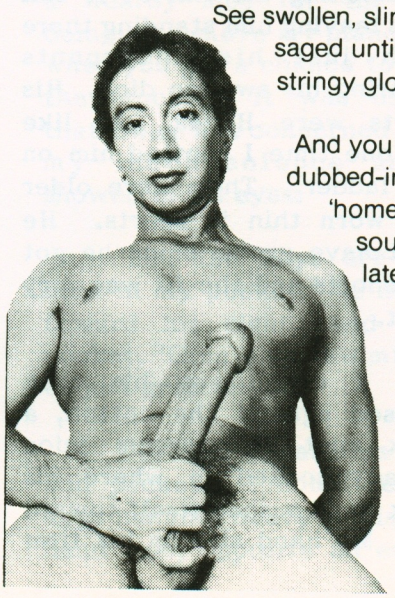

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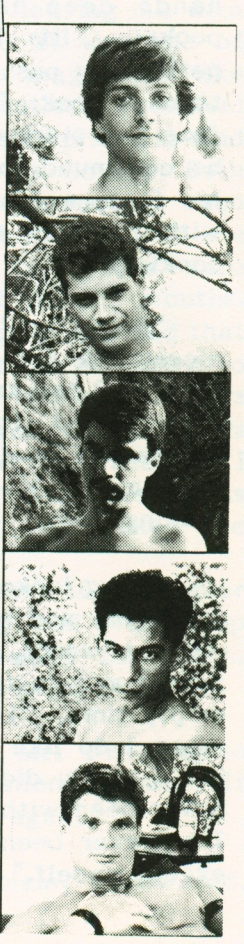

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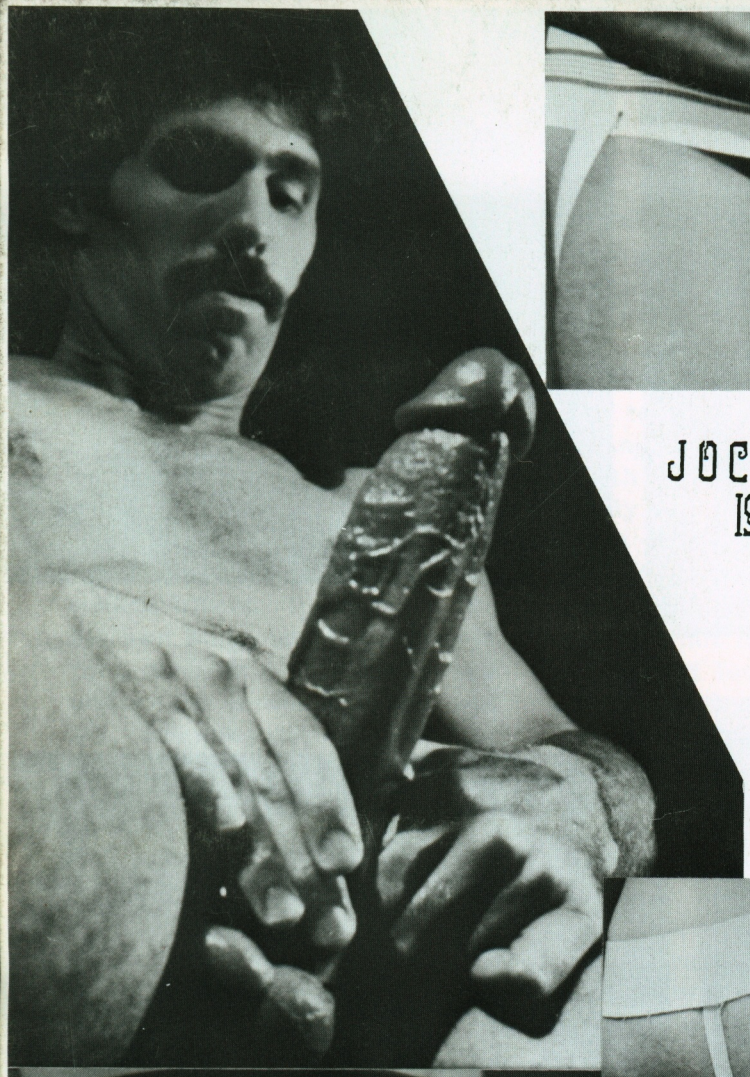

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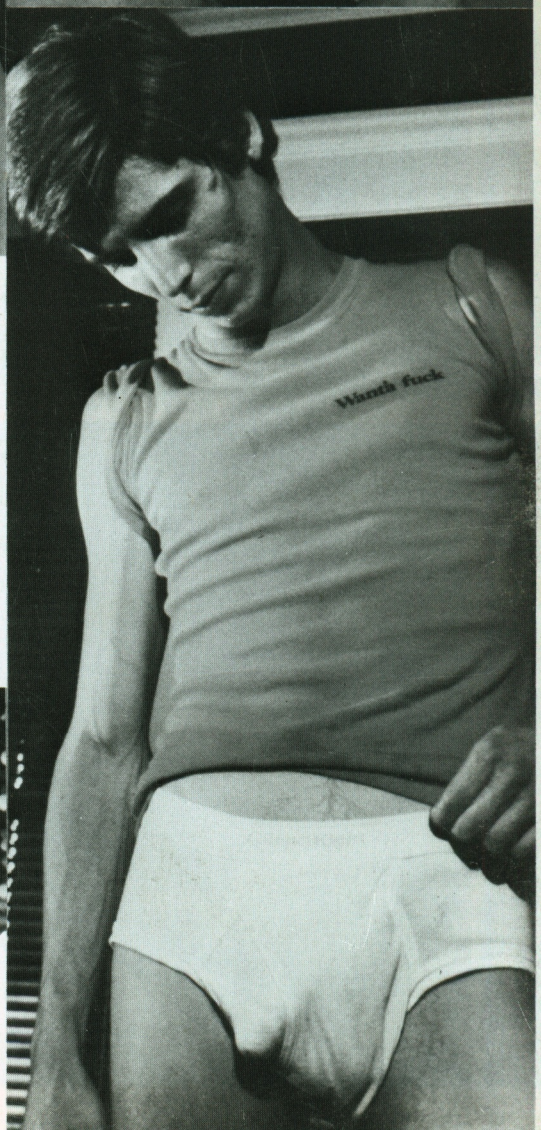
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